

Death and Mother On A Battlefield

MABEL BOLMA

Moderato espressivo

mp

3
Death and Moth-er on a bat-tle - field. Out — un - der the skies I am ly - ing

p doloroso

7
With the an - gels a - bove my head The can - nons are gent - ly play - ing, And a

mp p f p

11
shell hole is my bed The life blood is flow - ing swift - ly, And the pain will soon be

rit. mp a tempo a little faster

16
passed. I see you moth - er but dim - ly As my life goes fad - ing fast.

f mp rit.

3

I see you kneel-ing in pray'r _____ With large tears in your

eyes _____ When you think of your son o-ver there, Out

un-der the o-pen skies. _____ I know you will bear it

brave-ly, As on-ly a moth-er can, When my death not-ice first rings

clear-ly, _____ But re-mem-ber I died _____ a _____ man.